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as violets, looking without consciousness of what they are looking at; at the slightest emotion the blood diffusing itself over the cheeks, the neck, even down to the shoulders, in purple-tinted waves; you see emotions fitting on these transparent flashes like the varying tints that play upon their meadows: and this virgin purity is so genuine that you feel an impulse to lower your eyes in respect. And yet, all natural and artless as they are, they are not languid and listless; they enjoy and can bear active service like their brothers; with their hair floating in the wind, they are to be seen, when only six years old, galloping on horseback, and taking long walks. In this country a life of action fortifies the phlegmatic temperament, and the heart becomes more simple while the body is becoming more sound."

A letter from Rome, May 5, speaks of the works in Miss Hosmer's studio as follows:

"Benton and Beatrice Cenci in plaster; a pair of busts in marble, Hero and Daphne; the young Augustus, for sale, price 75 scudi (about \$75); the design of a fountain for a lady (Marian Alford of England), now nearly finished; a Siren playing to three listening figures riding on dolphins, price 600 guineas; a faun and satyr in marble; and a pretty little Puck, a child with a tortoise in one hand, a lizard in the other, seated on a toad stool, two or three other toad stools growing round; also, a lovely medallion of Night and Morning to be executed in bronze,—Morning with a torch and roses, Evening with poppies in her hand, morning and evening stars, a lark and bat, make up the composition.

"To-day I went to the studio of Miss Lewis, the colored artist. She has two lovely groups from Hiawatha, the Old Arrow Maker and his daughter, where they see Hiawatha coming, and Hiawatha and Minnehaha going through the forest to find a new home; also a statue of the Freed Woman and her Child, trampling a broken chain under foot, ordered by several Boston gentlemen. She is a nice little lady. She was modeling a bust of Dio Lewis, and a medallion of the little son of a Boston gentleman, from a photograph,—very pretty."

M. Thiers, who now once more is the leading orator of France, is sixty-nine years of age, and like his friend and college companion, M. Mignet, with whom he first came up to Paris in 1820, was born in Providence of obscure parents. After beginning life as a lawyer, he became a writer in the *Constitutionnel*, and there is still extant of him the *Salon* of 1822, being a series of criticisms on the pictures exhibited that year. He soon, however, turned to history, in which he is best known to us by his "History of the Consulate and the Empire," a work which brought him 500,000 francs from his publisher. As an orator M. Thiers is very singular. His voice is weak, and first almost difficult to hear distinctly, but as he warms up with his discourse the defect is forgotten in the flood of his lucid eloquence and varied imagery. Indeed, it may be said of all his varied productions, written or spoken, that lucidity and clearness of ideas and expressions is their prevailing characteristic, and the chief difficulty in reading his historical statements, as well as in listening to his oratorical displays, is to believe that there can be any other way of viewing the former, or of replying to his arguments, than the way he has chosen to present them to his readers or listeners.

THE American Dramatic Fund Association report last year's:

Total expenditures.....	\$5,313
Trustee.....	23
Balance from last year.....	1,069
Cash in bank and in hand to balance....	6,734
Trial balance, 1865.....	107,111
Cash assets, 1865.....	41,578

Members ruled out during the year for non-

payment of dues, 18; members who have died during the year, 5; decrease of members, 23; number of claimants for the year, 55; number of members, 220.

FOREIGN ART NOTES.

M de Flowtow, the composer of "Marta," is in Paris, expecting to remain several months. He comes to superintend his new opera comique.

Mr. Tarvis, a well known Boston author and amateur of art, who was said some years since to possess an extraordinary collection of paintings, has gotten into trouble. He gave M. Moreau, a Parisian picture dealer, \$6,000 for three pictures, by Leonardo da Vinci, Luini, and Giorgione, which turn out to be pictures by heaven knows whom—certainly not by the three aforesaid artists. He brought suit to recover his \$6,000, but the court held that attributing a picture to an artist does not suppose the work original, and so it sent poor Mr. Tarvis to meditate on Franklin's story—paying too dear for one's whistle.

The vaudeville expects to continue playing "La Famille Benoiton" until the 1st of August! It has already been played one hundred and fifty times. The contract with M. Victorien Sardau obliges the manager to play the piece so long as \$600 are taken in nightly.

Mons. Victor Hasse, the composer, has been appointed Professor of Musical Composition in the Conservatory.

There is to be an exhibition of the portraits of all eminent Frenchmen who have ever lived; it will be open during the great exhibition.

A Paris editor says, "I was talking to other day with Dumas the younger, and everybody knows talking with him is hearing twenty charming mots every fifteen minutes. Of course we talked about Armand Durantin. Dumas said: 'He is an excellent fellow. He himself does not know how he wrote his famous preface. He confesses its success intoxicated him. I worked five whole days on his "Heloise Paranaquet." I re-wrote the whole piece; and to prevent anybody's suspecting it was not by him, I sent him the whole to recopy, and I must do him the justice to say that he recopied it without leaving out a comma!'"

A recent letter from Rome gives the following account of the artists of the Sixtine Chapel: The Pope's singers numbers thirty two in all, but all of them are rarely united together. The bass singers are poor. They do not give the full value to the grave notes which Palestrina and his cotemporaries wrote for the Flemish singers, who in those days were very numerous in the chapels of Italy. The tenors are better, but they make the mistake of singing too thin. The voice of the falsettos is often too sharp for the ear; the singers emit it badly. Almost all the Pope's sopranos owe the clearness and feminine character of their voice to an accident which I may be excused from explaining. One of these singers is very anxious to be distinguished from his comrades, at least in some particulars. He is fond of singing in drawing-rooms. Ladies have a passionate fondness for his sweet voice. He is a young tenorino, named Davis, who, by dint of practising, has succeeded in forming, or rather in remaining beyond the period of puberty, a beautiful soprano voice with a falsetto register, and some breast notes superadded. The change from one register to another is sensible, but he sings with taste, and, if need be, transfers to church the effects of the opera. He is only second soloist in the Sixtine Chapel. The first soloist is an artificial soprano named Mustapha. He is a Turk by birth, and so is his brother, the bass singer, who would war the most beautiful beard of Rome, if custom allowed this ornament to pontifical singers. Mustapha, soprano is a tall fellow of thirty-eight, who is anything but melancholic. His limpid and well-toned voice begins to show signs of fatigue;

nevertheless he sang Allegri's Miserere like an angel. He is an excellent musician, and recently composed a Miserere which had the honor of being played on Good Friday in the Sixtine Chapel.

They played recently at Rouen a grand drama, entitled "Joan of Arc." In the second act the English tribunal, before which the Maid of Orleans was arraigned, was represented. A lady half-screamed in her husband's ear: "Oh! the monsters! Do tell me, dear, are they going to condemn her?" The husband replied, "I am unable to inform you, darling; I have never seen the piece before!" Mme. Lemonnier is dead; she was very celebrated as Mlle. Regnault of the Opera Comique. She retired years since from the theatre, and has lived in a Norman village.

An annuity of 800f. has been granted Mons. Ernest Boulanger, the composer of "Les Sabots de la Marquise," etc.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

We learn that Mme. Zucchi and Mlle. Morensi are engaged by Grau for his coming opera season. Both are now in Europe, but will return here early this Fall.

Marti, the rich fishmonger at Havana, who, by exclusive right to supply piscatorials for that city, amassed two millions or more, and erected a grand opera house there, died recently, and his sons carry on the fish and opera business in his stead. Marti introduced to Havana and the United States many great operatic artists from the commencement of his operations in 1846 down to a few years since, when he relinquished management, and leased El Tacon, under certain restrictions, to enterprising managers. His first venture in operatic importation was in many respects fortunate, and especially so in bringing to America that remarkable singer, Fortunata Tedesco, who set the East on fire, or rather Boston's staid public, blazed with excitement about her, until she disgusted them with jealousy of a young contralto, Sofie Marini, who, in Pacini's "Safo," took a full share of that applause she deemed her exclusive property.

That ugly spirit, displayed publicly in Ricci's "Corrado d'Altamura," destroyed her prestige with Boston's severely critical public, who had been fascinated by her marked personal attraction, marvelous beauty of voice, and free, melodious use of its wondrous power, compass, and excellent quality of tone. There was good excuse for their frenzy about Tedesco, for not only was she magnificently beautiful, but her voice had such rare wealth, and she produced it so easily that nineteen years' experience of European celebrities in this country has not furnished its equal. Better cultivation, more dramatic instinct, and purpose in delivery, greater knowledge of her art, have been repeatedly shown, but never a voice and free production of tone like hers. She yet queens it in the European lyric stage, although no longer a celebrity, or anxiously sought for by entrepreneurs, who desire a sensational, intensely dramatic *prima donna*. She was last heard of as engaged for a new opera company in Paris.

Verdi has sent two acts of "Don Carlos" to L'Academie for practice until the new Academie opens—next year perhaps.

Ambroisi Thomas's new opera, "Mignon," is finished. Its libretto is taken from Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister."

In Italy the great event has been the representation of Mercadente's opera "Virginia," at San Carlos in Italy. For sixteen years it has been unrepresented, because the Bourbons forbade its production. If the composer would have consented to save Virginia," from death and give Appius a triumph, the objections of the Government would have been removed but he refused, and at length has enjoyed the triumph of a successful representation of the entire opera

as it was written. Four thousand six hundred lire were taken at the doors, in addition to two thousand six hundred lire for the increased prices of the subscription, and had it been possible to hold them, twice the audience would have been assembled. From the commencement a double chorus, "Orgia Patrizia," which was interrupted by the funeral march of Curius Dentatus, called forth the applause of the public; and *il maestro* was literally shouted for; but the blind old man had been kept far away from the scene of excitement by medical advice.

Gounod's "Tobias" has been performed by a society of amateurs at Paris. A critic assures us that the work will reconcile the most obstinate antagonists of oratorio to sacred compositions in that form, "so happily has *ennui* been banished." That's as good as *Jolia* "Stabat Mater."

The *Reader*, a critical London journal, thinks little of the Sacred Harmonic Society's oratorio performances for the season just concluded, did not increase their reputation, and but three—Samson, Naumann, and Haydn's "Seasons"—interested their subscribers. They were moderately good, but Mozart's "Requiem" was in that critic's opinion "cruelly murdered." Per contra, the severe Chorley praises Costa's oratorio company, and remarking upon their closing oratorio, "Elijah," declares it unnecessary to particularize where all is commendable.

Alfred Jaell seems to be in clover just now with the musical public, artists, critics, and exigent dilettanti, having overcome the adverse influences that weighed down a really excellent pianist. He is reported as playing with Liszt on equal terms in a fashionable soiree, and the *Reader* speaks of him when playing classical music at the Musical Union with Piatti, Wieniawski, and Mlle. Trautmann, a prize medal pianist *debutante* from Le Conservatoire a Paris. That critic says De Murska's "Dinorah" was quite interesting. She crazed Vienna in that role, and no music could better fit her powers, he thinks. He discusses Mongini rather closely, and specifies a chief fault in her performance, "the exuberant vehemence of vocal and histrionic manner usually found in those operatic artists whose style has been formed in transalpine theatres. If he would please London taste he must tone down his passion. He is the most capable tenor now on the Italian opera stage." From these and other like critical expressions, we infer that Mongini's singing and dramatic action resemble Macaferri's very much, and passion is torn into shreds on all occasions.

Mme. Grisi sang at Howard Glover's London Saturday Concerts, given at St. Martin's Hall, "The Minstrel Boy," and "Home, Sweet Home," in company with Louisa Pyne, her friend Harrison, and Mr. and Mrs. Weiss. Chorley denounces that insane act, just after her failure at Mapleson's opera, and reminds us of the sad ending to Mara and Pasta's fame caused by their refusal to regard time's withering effect upon their voices.

Beethoven's piano-forte, on the contrary, is said to be in good condition now, at Clausen berg in Transylvania, although seventy years old, and his portrait there, encased, revives his appearance when twenty years old. It was constructed by Vogel of Pesth and is now owned by Samuel Gyulay, who proffers it to some grand musical conservatory.

Sims Reeves found at his benefit concert in St. James' Hall, that no trifling with public good nature can possibly shake his popularity with a London audience, for St. James' Hall overflowed with enthusiastic patrons of England's own tenor. Blumenthal's new song and A. S. Sullivan's "Sigh no more" were the special sensations there; but Reeves' old songs never pall on the ears of modern Babylon, and "My pretty Jane," "Come into the Garden, Maud," and like sentimental rhapsodies excite

the same old ecstasies that greeted their first hearing, if Sims Reeves only condescend to give them in good voice, and with that befitting expression he alone commands for their effect upon susceptible hearts and ears.

There was a grand opera concert at Gye's on June 13th, and Luigi Arditi got off selections from "Tannhauser," arranged for orchestra by himself, at his annual monster-day concert in Mapleson's, on June 15th.

Chorley declares that both the Italian operas were thriving, and declares Faure the best Don Giovanni and Mefisto extant. He extols Mme. Sherrington for signal ability in the performance of four roles, Adalgisa, Marguerita, Inez, and Elvira, as wonderful in one new to Italian opera and claims for her decided encouragement as her due. He thinks De Murska acts Dinorah well, but sings her music not so well as Cabel, Carvalho, or Louisa Pyne. Her execution is not so finished now as it was last year. She dashes at difficulties boldly, yet overcomes some only in semblance, her voice shows fatigue from over exertion. Gardoni's voice is refreshed and stronger, and he sings better than for years past, while he acts Ciofentino admirably. Santley's Hael is faultless, and he now runs flush with Faure in the race for supremacy in baritone performance, both histrionical and vocal. He styles Mlle. Lablache "protesting and ungracious," concedes the orchestra and chorus in Dinorah to be good, and its scenery picturesque. He groans over the excessive concert mania now prevalent, and his consequent inability to notice a title of them. He sneers at England's growing intercourse with Schumann's music as a sign of disease in time of dearth, and considers Miss Zimmermann's left hand in Beethoven's sonata op. 101, too noisy and obtrusive. Her compositions given at second matinee were sound, clear, and orthodox in style. He praises Halle's Beethoven recitals, and thinks his usual excellent playing is enhanced by passion added to beauty of tone, and perfect finish in execution. Orgeni's singing of Bach's aria in Benedict's matinee received Chorley's approval, but Vilda's style was not deemed by him equal to her noble voice, and her performance of "Non mi dir" is demurred to. He was ashamed of London's fashionable taste when Mela excited such a grand sensation in that matinee. He considered such an exhibition very unpalatable, her voice having an epicene quality, devoid alike of manly power or womanly pathos, and too monstrous to be agreeable.

He nods assent to Master Bonnay's "Xylophone" and his playing of it, an exception to general rules against prodigy work, but still cautions him against wasting his talent on such freaks, reminding him of Regondi's fate, that fascinating wonder child of years gone by.

Master Richard Coker is snubbed for giving concerts in boy soprano fashion, which he deems a hazardous adventure for him.

He lauds immensely a new amateur singing club styled Moray's Minstrels, asserting their performance to equal Cologne's highly vaunted choir, and praises A. S. Sullivan's operetta sung there, immeasurably, while he is put up to musical heaven for his wonderful skill as composer of great works.

The London Glee and Madrigal Union fared so well in their first concert series, that another series had been started with good prospects.

Jenny Bauer's enterprise in English Opera is said to promise well at the Surrey Theatre, and critics are very mild about its shortcomings, because that is the last refuge of so-called English Opera, in London.

Chorley denounces singers "Royalties" as false, dangerous and suggestive of bribery and corruption.

Moliere's benefit netted a handsome sum for that popular artist to console himself with in Germany.

Rossini has interceded with Pio Nono for the

proscribed female voice in church service, and public opinion now running hard against male soprano or contralti, his potent influence may induce the Pope to allow feminine vocal beauty a hearing in the Sixtine Chapel, or some other grand opportunity for display of that color and expression denied by nature to male imitators of female vocalism.

Liszt's purpose to employ his time at Rome in writing an oratorio upon Christ's life, is severely quizzed by Chorley, who caustically remarks upon that idea that no writer of music, living or dead, ever wasted so much paper on composition with so little result as Liszt, who is not yet placed as a composer anywhere, but depends upon his personal fascination entirely for popularity and regard.

Jenny Lind did not sing the "Swan's Death Song" at Dusseldorf, but sang again in a festival at Hamburg with the same company that performed with her at Dusseldorf's festival. Saying Farewell is such sweet sorrow that she will probably say it for several years after Dusseldorf's expectant public shall have forgotten her in Germany's terrible war about the provinces wrested from Denmark, denied by Prussia and Austria both.

Singing festivals appear to be raging all over England. One was given recently at Doncaster Church with 500, and Winchester had another with 1,000 singers.

The College for Organists honored Mr. Hiles with a prize recently for his "Anthem," thereby giving sign of life and that organist much delight.

Florence Lancia and Brookhouse Bowler, who may be remembered by those who heard Cooper's English Opera Company in this country, are making a sensation in England's "provinces" with various adaptations of foreign operas and Balfe's "Bohemian Girl."

It was deemed noteworthy in critical remark upon Reeve's benefit concert that he accorded that immense audience, repeats of songs freely and graciously.

Mlle. Marterelli, who sang in the Limited English Opera at Gye's, would seem to have fascinated London critics with her Spanish airs set in form, which is compared to Andalusia's barbs, i. e. horses.

They have done Balfe's best opera, "The Bohemian Girl," in Newcastle, with success; the soprano, Miss Ellison, reviving the rather faded "I dreamt that I dwelt" into popularity.

"L'Africaine" succeeded at Brunswick, as in every other place that has seen or heard that queen of Ceylon or some other mythical kingdom.

Henry Distin presented, at his factory, to Mr. A. Glover, who manages London's Alhambra, with a speech to correspond, a purse containing 110 sovereigns, and Mr. Glover undoubtedly liked the key in which Mr. Distin pitched that vocal performance equally with his best military musical instrumental getting up.

At Piatti's benefit in St. James' Hall, not only did Reeves and many other celebrities perform, but Arabella Goddard condescended to accompany Reeves in "Adelaide," his pet song and best show of voice, style and method.

Rupe's annual concert this year took place at St. James' Hall, with Titiens, De Murska, Trebelli, Wippen, Dolby, Gardoni, Hohler, Gasieer, Santley, and many other celebrities.

Chas. Fowler gave a morning concert at Miss Burdett Coutt's residence under distinguished patronage, with good artists to aid.

Rossini, the great buffo baritone, is said to be engaged by Maretzek for next season here. So is Miss Hauck, a young Polish singer who made a sensation in amateur opera and private concerts here last winter. There will be three debutants at Maretzek's coming opera season, and the Academy not being now likely to prove available before February, he will employ his large company in "The Provinces" in autumn and early winter, until it shall be completed and ready for grand operatic performance.